2.

CERTAIN

VERSES

WRITTEN

By severall of the

Authors Friends;

TO BE

RE-PRINTED

WITH THE

Second Edition

OF

GONDIBERT.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1653.

XUM

Certain Verſes written by ſeveral of the Authors Friends, to be reprinted with the ſecond Edition of GONDIBERT.

Upon the PREFACE.

ROom for the beſt of Poets heroick,
If you'l believe two Wits and a Stoick;
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos*,
All muſt give place to the *Gondiberteiados*.
For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a juſt Pique,
Becauſe one s writ in Latin, the other in Greek:
Beſides an old grudge (our Criticks they ſay ſo)
With *Ovid*, becauſe his Sirname was *Naſo*.

If Fiction the fame of a Poet thus raiſes,
What Poets are you that have writ his praiſes?
But we juſtly quarrel at this our defeat,
You give us a ſtomach, he gives us no meat.
A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no houſe:
Here is the Mountain but where is the Mouſe?
But, oh, *America* muſt breed up the Brat,
From whence 'twill return a *Weſt-Indy* Rat.
For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us,
With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

Upon the Preface of GONDIBERT.
Mar. Epig.
Laſciva eſt nobis Pagina vita proba eſt.

AS *Martial*'s life was grave and ſad,
Wanting the mirth his Verſes had:
Even ſo, this our long Preface ſhows,
What ere we want, our Book has noſe.

To Sir W. DAVENANT.

1.

AFter ſo many ſad miſ-haps,
Of drinking, riming, and of claps,
I pitty moſt thy laſt relaps.

2.

That having paſt the Soldiers pains,
The Stateſ-mens Arts, the Seamens gains.
With *Gondibert* to break thy brains.

3.

And ſo inceſſantly to ply it,
To ſacrifice thy ſleep, thy diet,
Thy buſineſſe; and what's more, our quiet.

4.

And all this ſtir to make a ſtory,
Not much ſuperior to *John Dory*,
Which thus in briefI lay before ye.

5.

All in the land of *Lombardie*,
A Wight there was of Knights degree,
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

6.

This *Gondibert* (as ſays our Author)
Got the good will of the Kings daughter,
A ſhame it ſeems, the Divel ought her.

7.

So thus ſucceeded his Diſaſter,
Being ſure of the Daughter of his Maſter,
He chang'd his Princeſs for a Playſter.

8.

Of perſon he was not ungratious,
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;
But in his Ale moſt pervicatious.

9.

And this was cauſe of his ſad Fate,
For in a Drunken-ſtreet-Debate
One night, he got a broken Pate.

10.

Then being Cur'd, he would not tarry,
But needs this ſimpling girl would marry
Of *Aſtragon* the Apothecary.

11.

To make the thing yet more Romancie,
Both wiſe and rich you may him fancie;
Yet he in both came ſhort of *Plancy*.

12.

And for the Damſel, he did wooe ſo,
To ſay the truth, ſhe was but ſo-ſo,
Not much unlike her of *Toboſo*.

13.

Her beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,
Yet what in Face and ſhape was needing,
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

14.

Though all the Science ſhe was rich in,
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:
Yet ſhe had knowledge more bewitching.

15.

For ſhe had learn'd her Fathers skill,
Both of th'Alimbick and the Still,
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

16.

But her chief Talent was a Glifter,
And ſuch a hand to adminiſter,
As on the Breech hath made no bliſter.

17.

So well ſhe handled *Gondibert*,
That though ſhe did not hurt that part,
She made a bliſter on his heart.

18.

Into the Garden of her Father:
Garden, ſaid I; or Back-ſide rather,
One night ſhe went a Roſe to gather.

19.

The Knight he was not far behind,
Full ſoon he had her in the wind;
(For Love can ſmell, though he be blind.)

20.

Her buſineſſe ſhe had finiſh'd ſcarcely,
When on a gentle bed of Parſly
Full fair & ſoft he made her Arſe-ly. { *Deſunt cætera.*

Upon the continuation of
GONDIBERT.

THy Verſes feet to run ſo faſt,
And thine alas in fetters plac't;
I alwayes thought, and now I ſee't,
Thy brain's leſs ſtable then thy feet.
This, 'tis, to be ſevere to us,
For naming Gods and *Pegaſus*.
Could'ſt thou but ſuch a horſe have ſhap't,
Thou hadſt with gallant *Muſſie* ſcap't,
Or couldſt thou but frame *Gyges* Ring,
Long ſince (poor *Will*) th' hadſt been a Wing,
Thou lieſt not there for any plot,
But 'cauſe a Poet thou art not.
Nor kenſt thou *Daphne* how thy rimes ſhould rage
And lift the Poet ore the walled ſtage: (rage
'Tis not a Moat can have the fate or power,
To hold the Muſes, nor great *Cæſars* Tower,
Homer and *Virgil* both thy back-friends have
The priviledge to break out of their grave,
And they that ſlight them muſt not hope to thrive
But lie confin'd and buried alive.
Nor think it ſtrange thou art not ſpar'd,
But caſt into a Goale unheard,
Thoſe antient *Bards* no better ſped,
Condemn'd by thee though never read:
Naſo made *Dedalus* the Seas to croſs,
Though the raſh *Icarus* were at a loſs.

But

But this our Anti-*Naſo*'s Muſe doth flutter,
Like ſtubble-gooſe that ſcarce gets ore the (gutter.

Theſe colours that they nere may faile,
Were laid in Sack and Northdown Ale.

The Author upon himſelf.

I Am old *Davenant* with my Fuſtian quill,
Though skill I have not,
I muſt be writing ſtill
On *Gondibert*,
That is not worth a fart.

Waller and *Cowly*, 'tis true, have prais'd my book,
But how untruly
All they that read may look;
Nor can old *Hobbs*
Defend me from dry bobbs.

Then no more I'le dabble, nor pump fancy dry,
To compoſe a Fable,
Shall make *Will Croſts* to cry,
Oh gentle Knight,
Thou writ'ſt to them that ſhite.

A Letter ſent to the good Knight.

THou haſt not been thus long neglected,
But we thy four beſt friends expected,
Ere this time thou hadſt ſtood corrected.

But ſince that Planet govenes ſtill,
That rules thy tedious Fuſtian Quill
'Gainſt Nature and the Muſes will.

When by thy friend's advice and care,
'Twas hop'd in time thou wouldſt deſpaire
To give ten pounds to write it faire.

Leſt thou to all the world wouldſt ſhew it,
We thought it fit to let thee know it,
Thou art a damn'd inſipid Poet.

Upon Fighting WILL.

THe King knights *Will* for fighting on his ſide,
Yet when *Will* comes for fighting to be try'd,
There is not one in all the Armies can
Say they ere felt, or ſaw this fighting man.

Strange

Strange that the Knight ſhould not be known
(i'th Field,
A Face well charg'd tho nothing in his Shield.
Sure fighting *Will* like *Baſilisk* did ride
Among the Troops, and all that ſaw *Will* dy'd,
Elſe how could *Will* for fighting be a Knight,
And none alive that ever ſaw *Will* fight.

In pugnacem Daphnem.

Pugnacem Daphnem Rex ordine donat Equeſtri,
Sed quod pugnaſſet cum foret ille reus,
Arma virumq; ferum ſe vel ſenſiſſe rogatum,
Vel vidiſſe quidem Miles utrinq; negat.
Tantum equitis mirer campos latuiſſe per omnes,
Inſignem vultu Parma ſit alba licet,
Scilicet aſpectu victor Baſiliſcus obibat
Agmina ſub monſtro quæ periere novo.
Pugnando haud aliter referet calcaria Daphnis,
Cui pugnæ teſtis nemo ſuperſtes erat.

Ad eundem.

De titulo ablato non rectè Daphni *querêris*
Facti in te cauſum Daphni *Senatus habet.*
Jure decus perdis, ſi vitam jure tueris,
Teſtis abeſt culpæ, teſtis honoris abeſt.

Theſe

In Daphnen Cauſedicum.

IT being prov'd that fighting *Will* nere fought,
The Judges ſtraight for other treaſons fought.
On that, point-blank two witneſſes did ſwear,
Such, and ſuch words from his mouth they did
hear.
In anſwer to which by a ſpeech *Will* ſhows,
Alas, that his words are drawn through his noſe,
Through his noſe it was the witneſſes cry'd,
But *Will* has none, ſo again they ly'd.
Thus with a loſt noſe the fame he bears,
To have won both his enemies ears,
And now by his Poetry ſure *Will* knows
How to turn thoſe ears again into noſe.

The Poet is angry being cenſured by One he knowes not.

Daphne, in ſcorn, not knows me. In all ſhows
More know *Jack Puddin*, than *Jack Puddin*
(knows.

Titulus

Titulus compitis Londini cum licentia imponendus.

A Letter sent out of the Countrey.

Monstrũ hic horrendum nomine Daphnin nuperrime captum in Insulas Barbadæs contendentem visui Anglorum præbeamus natum, uti ex scriptis placet inter Helvetios, valde enim de rebus istorum gestis, (quorum ne pili pendimus) animo æstuat; Londini propugnaculo à Parliamento Angliæ incarceratus, non quidem inter captos, sed ferociorum animalium domiciliis in lucrum Domini Backster *manet: Philosophorum nonnulli de forma quærentes, nihil nisi illum non esse Elephantem ausi sunt affirmari. Ille enim Proboscis deest, sed per nasum trahit, & tamen proh Deorum miracula! nasum non habet, sed quasi per minima formina nasutum, Ballenæ instar vomit, quid ni illum Cetum esse ex elogio Germani cujusdam Leviathan satis constat.*

Upon

Upon the Author.

Denham come help me to laugh
at old *Daph*,
Whose fancies are higher than Chaff,
He abuses
All our Muses,
And would it not make a man laugh till he burst,
That he would be thought of all Poets the first,
That is of all Rimers the worst?
Daphne wert thou not content
For to vent
Thy fancies without our consent,
But hadst the face
In thy Preface
To laugh at all those that had written before,
When we thy best friends to the number of four
Advis'd thee to scribble no more.

Canto

Canto 2.

RAis'd by a Prince of *Lombard* blood, { D. of
An antick fabrick long hath ſtood { Savoy
Of *Pedian* flint, and *Parian* free-ſtone
Mingled as you ſhall ſee ſtone,
A part whereof height *Cripples Region*,
Contains of half men a whole Legion,
Who ſtill have been *from ancient lore*
For three *ſwift Centuries* and more
Friends to the Debtors and the Drinkers,
And foes unto the Smiths and Clinkers.
When in the Churchyard or the Ally,
Occaſion ſerves them, forth they ſally,
Both horſe and foot; but now I wrong 'um,
There's neither horſe nor foot among 'um
But thoſe that are for horſe accounted,
Are on tall woodden Engines mounted,
On which in *Lombard Autors* notion,
They abuſe the *Property of Motion*.
But for the foot 'tis more improper,
For they move not on foot, but crupper,
And having neither leg nor ſtump,
Advance themſelves on hand and rump.
A ſtand they make. A ſtand d'ye cal't?
The word, of Arris, make a halt.
Then ſteps forth a *Grave Eaſtern Cripple*,
One that could fight, and talk, and tipple,

Brave

Brave friends, quoth he, *Power is a liquor*,
Makes hands more bold, and wit more quicker,
It is a *tree* whose boughs and branches
Serve us instead of legs and hanches,
It is a Hill to whose command,
Men walk by Sea and *sail by Land*.
But what's our power unless we know it?
And knowledge what? unless we show it.
Behold the Knight who late did marry
The daughter of our 'pothecary,
Hurried to durance like a stinkard,
By *Oswald Smith*, and *Borgia Clinkard*,
And him like to a *civil sheep*,
In Gaole (*Nice Statesmens Pound*) they'l keep.
This said, you might have seen (for such is
The force of eloquence) their crutches
Indu'd with diligence in th'eys and noses
Of such as had them, flames and roses,
Their *Nerves of Wyer* new heat makes limber,
And rage ev'n animates their timber.
Then as a pack of *Regian Hounds*
Pursuing ore the *Illyrian grounds*
A *Tuscan Stag*, if in the wind
A flock of *Brescian* sheep they find,
Calabrian Swine, or *Pagan Goats*,
In blood they bath their *Cannon throats*,
And in the trembling entrails hasten
Their well experienc'd teeth to fasten,
With such *Croation* rage the stout
Grave Cripples did the Bailiffs rout.

Thus

Thus rescuing *Gondibert* they save him,
Then to a *Berkshire Coachman* gave him.
The Bailiffs being fled, or dead all,
The Knight pulls out an *antique meddal*,
On the reverse whereof was graved,
Th' alliance betwixt *Christ* and *David*. } *Cross and Harp.*
Quoth he of rescu'd Knighthood carry
This just reward, broach of *Canary*,
Or *Belgian Brandewine* the *Vessel*
Wherewith the *Argonauts* of *Tesel*,
When *Mars* and *Neptune* them engages,
Inflame their flegmatick courages.
He safe return'd here joy and mirth abounded 'twixt *Astragon* and *Birtha*.
Thus leave we them in humour jolly:
Free from *old Roman Melancholy*.

Thus far in the Authors own words,
Now a little in his own way.

1. Sunk near his evening Region was the Sun,
(But though the Sun can near be said to sink,
Yet when his beams from our dull eyes are run,
He of the Oceans moysture seems to drink.)

(And though the Ocean be as far remote
From him as we, yet such is the false light,
Or mortal eye, that though for truth we know't,
We yet believe our own deceiving sight.)

(Nor without cauſe) for what our eyes behold
Unto our ſence moſt evident hath been:
But ſtill we doubt of things by others told,
(For Faith's the evident of things not ſeen.)

2. When *Gondibert* and *Birtha* went to bed,
(For it the Cuſtome was of *Lombard Brides*,
That on the day when they were married,
They never ſlept till *Sol* his viſage hides.)

(For though bright *Sol* doth never cloſe his eyes,
When he reſignes our hemiſphere to night,
Bold Ethnicks ſay, that he with *Thetis* lyes.
And make him but alay adulterous light.)

3. The Poſts were of *abſterſive Ebony*,
(Though no *abſterſiveneſs* in *Poſts* we find,
In powder tane (the *learned* not deny)
It cleanſes choler, and in pills, breaks wind.)

(So when a Sword is forg'd of ſolid Steel,
It ſerves for nothing but to cut and wound,
But when to powder turn'd, *ſhy virgins* feel
It cures green-ſickneſs, & the ſpleen makes (ſound.)

4. The Curtains in well-ſhadowed colours (wrought,
(For though old *Aſtragon* his child had bred
To his own trade, yet ſomething ſhe was taught
By her *Nice Mother* (who was *gravely dead*)

His

(His limbeck though the ſooty Chymiſt broke
As ſhe paſt by (when out th'Elixar flew)
And (though) as a grave modern Author ſpoke
The power of Potion, Purge and Pill, ſhe knew.)

(Yet ſomething had ſhe gain'd of female lore,
Though much ſhe was in med'cinal ſcience skild,
She and th'experiene'd maid had ſamplers ſtore,
And could the needle or the diſtaff weild.)
(thought

5. The ſheets ſo nicely fine, none could have
Them ſpun from courſe *Batavian Freiſters* toyls,
But by the fingers of *Arachne* wrought,
From the moſt ſubtile of the *Silkwormes ſpoyles.*

There *Birtha* lay, but when the K^nt. drew nigh,
She ſeem'd to fly from what ſhe long'd t'enjoy,
Orna her ſelf was not than ſhe more ſhie,
Gartha more nice, nor *Rodalind* more coy.

But when *great Natures office* was unſeal'd { *A two mans womb*
Then through *Loves limbeck* his elixar flew
Motion & heat, things *ſtiff* as if congeal'd,
Diſſolv'd to *Amber ſuds*, and *Rainbow dew.*

To DAPHNE.

On his Incomparable Incomprehensible Poem GONDIBERT.

CHear up small Wits; now you shall crowned be;
Daphne himself is turn'd into a tree. (be;
(Nor think it strange, for our great Author can
Clap stones to *Hirmigil*, and make her Man:)
Go gather sprigs, nor can you strip him bare,
For all the ancient Wreaths fall to his share.
Poor *Homer*'s eyes by his *unshaded light*
Again put out, who bids the world Good-night,
And is as much eclips'd by one more blind,
As is his by our new *Hectors* out-shin'd:
Virgil, thou hast no Wit, and *Naso* is
More short of *Will*, than is *Will*'s Nose of his;
Can silence *Tasso*, and the *Fairy-Queen*,
Thou all by *Will* unread, and most unseen.
Nor shall we ere hear more of great *Tom-* (*Thumb*,
For *Gondibert* and *Oswald* strike all dumb.
Thus then secur'd, thy Babe shall not miscarry,
Since all do bow to Fames *Fine Secretary*.
So have I heard the great *Leviathan*,
Let me speak true, and not bely a man,
Reign in the Deep and with tyrannick Power
Both Costick *Codd*, and squallid *Sprats* devour.

An

An Essay in Explanation of Mr. *Hobbs*, where he tells the Author,

The Vertues you distribute there among so many Noble persons, represent the Image but of one Mans Vertue to my Fancy, which is your own.

CANTO I.

1.

OF all Ill Poets by their *Lumber* known,
Who nere Fame's favor wore, yet fought (them long,
Sir *Daphne* gives precedency to none,
And breeds most business for *abstersive Song*.

2.

From untaught Childhood, to mistaking Man,
An ill-performing Agent to the Stage;
With *Albovin* in *Lumbar* he began,
With *Gondibert* in *Lumber* ends his rage.

3.

Rime was his studied Art; Rime which was bad;
Rime meant for charms to keep th'devil in aw;
Rime which with Fustian lin'd, & Nonsense clad,
More needful is, than Finger, Shirt or Straw.

To

4.

To conquer Reaſon, Nature's common gift,
Fein'd Art, ſophiſticated Rime devis'd,
While thoſe who cannot their weak judgements (liſt
To diſcern ſenſe, and with hard words ſur- (priſ'd.

5.

Yet Laws of Verſe reſcue but doubtfully
From one ill Poet all good Poets fame;
Till againſt Rime, the wiſe Rimes help apply,
Which ſoberly tells *Will* he is to blame.

On Gondibert.

CLoſe-ſtools thus made by *Aſtragon* we have,
That will both finger, drugs, & paper ſave;
On ſtool of Ebony, O Reader ſit,
Or elſe poor *Gondibert* will be beſhit:
For things *abſterſive* will avail,
As well to purge, as wipe the Tail.

The Poets Hot-Cockles.

THus Poets paſſing time away,
Like Children at Hot-cockles play;
All ſtrike by turn, and *Will* is ſtrook,
(And he lies down that writes a Book.)
Have at thee *Will*, for now I come,
Spread thy hand faire upon thy Bomb,
For thy much inſolence, bold *Bard*,
And little ſenſe I ſtrike thus hard.
Whoſe hand was that? 'twas *Jaſpar Mayne*;
Nay there you're out, lie down again.
With *Gondibert*, Preface and all
See where the *Doctor* comes to maul
The Authors hand, 't will make him reel;
No, *Will* lies ſtill and does not feel;
That Book's ſo light, 'tis all one whether
You ſtrike with that, or with a Feather:
But room for one new come to Town,
That ſtrikes ſo hard he'll knock him down:
The hand he knows ſince it the place
Has toucht more tender then his face.
Important Sheriff, now thou ly'ſt down
We'll kiſs thy Hands, and Clap our own.

Preface, page 25. That his writings are adapted to an easie musical Singer, which the Reader may judge by these following Verses.

Oswald, Paradin, Rodalind, Hugo, Hubert, Aribert, Hurgonil, Astolpho, Borgia, Golsha, Tibalt. Croatian, Lumbards, Hunns, Valco, Dargonet, Orna, Astragon, Hermogild, Ulfinor, Orgo, Thula,

Epithetes that will serve for any Substantives either in this part or the next.

Nice, Wise, Important, Eager, Grave, Busy, Recorded Ancient. Abstersive, Able Roman, *Experienc'd.*

Upon the Authors writing his name (as in the Title of his Book) D'avenant.

As severall Cities made their claim
Of *Homers* birth to have the same;
So after ages will not want
Towns claiming to be *Avenant*.
Great doubt there is, where now it lies,
Whether in *Lombard* or the *Skies*.

Some say by *Avenant* no place is meant,
And that this *Lombard* is without descent;
And as by *Bilke* men mean ther's nothing there,
So come from *Avenant*, means from *No-where*.
Thus *Will* intending *D'Avenant* to grace
Has made a No ch in's name like that in's face,
Fitter it were the Author of *Harrigo*,
Had styl'd himself *D'aphne D'Avenantigo*.

FINIS.

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